SO RED THE NOSE

OR-BREATH IN THE AFTERNOON

COCKTAIL RECIPES BY 30 LEADING AUTHORS

DOROTHY ALDIS HERVEY ALLEN MARGARET AYER BARNES ROARK BRADFORD
FRANK BUCK EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS ERSKINE CALDWELL CARL CARMER
ROBERT J. CASEY THEODORE DREISER VIRGINIA FAULKNER ARNOLD GINGRICH
ERNEST HEMINGWAY MacKINLAY KANTOR ROCKWELL KENT OLIVER LA FARGE

NET, $1.00

SO RED THE NOSE

or

Breath in the Afternoon

BY **STERLING NORTH**
AND **CARL KROCH**

WITH CARICATURES
BY ROY NELSON

THIS is the first shaker of literary cocktails ever poured from (or into) a book. Each concoction has been tipple-tested by the authors' best friends (with some exceptions). And the recipes are delightfully embellished with the impudent caricatures of Roy Nelson.

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ESQUIRE

SO RED THE NOSE

or

Breath in the Afternoon

EDITED BY **STERLING NORTH**

AND **CARL KROCH**

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY C. NELSON

★

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DRINKING NOTES FOLLOW THE COCKTAILS

SO RED THE NOSE

By Sterling North and Carl Kroch

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE IDEAS . . . . *but even the next morning it sounded feasible. Ask several of the literati to concoct original holiday drinks! Name these concoctions after their books. Entitle the entire batch* SO RED THE NOSE *with apologies to Stark Young.*

So here they are . . . .

Nelson

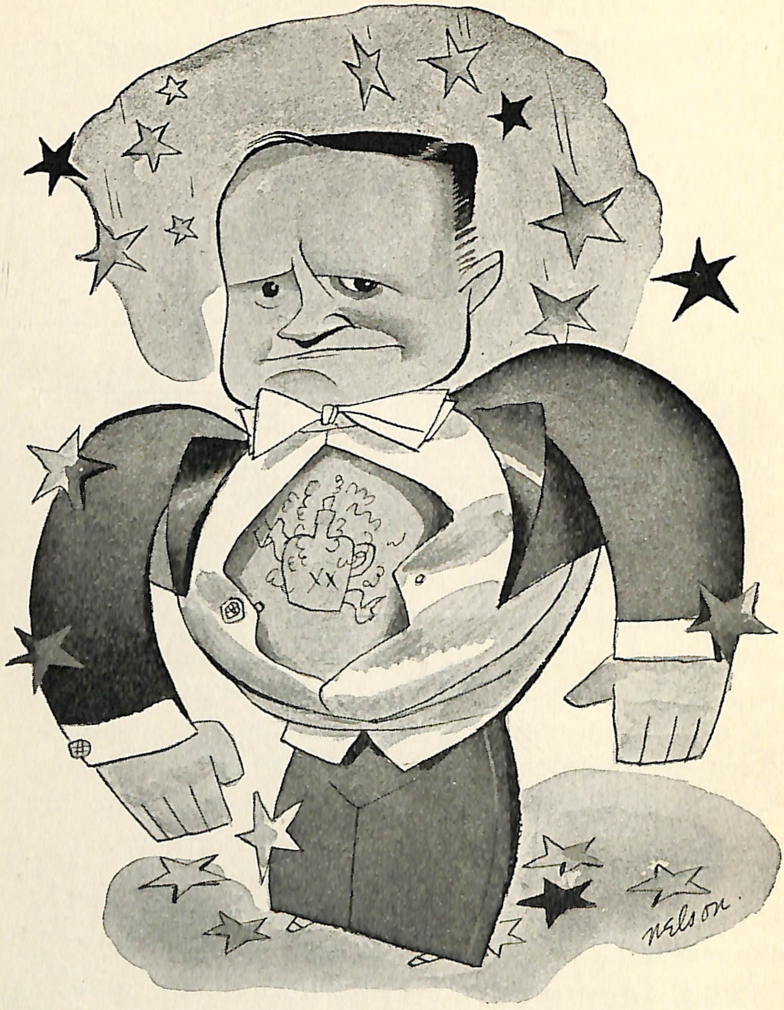
Ernest Hemingway's
DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON
Cocktail

POUR 1 JIGGER OF ABSINTHE INTO A CHAMPAGNE GLASS. ADD ICED CHAMPAGNE UNTIL IT ATTAINS THE PROPER OPALESCENT MILKINESS. DRINK 3 TO 5 OF THESE SLOWLY

ERNEST HEMINGWAY writes, "This was arrived at by the author and three officers of H. M. S. *Danae* after having spent seven hours overboard trying to get Capt. Bra Saunders' fishing boat off a bank where she had gone with us in a N. W. gale."

It takes a man with hair on his chest to drink five Absinthe and Champagne Cocktails and still handle the English language in the Hemingway fashion. But Ernest has proved his valor, not alone in his cups. Captain of the swimming team at Oak Park high school—first American to be wounded on the Italian front during the World War (with 227 individual wounds to his credit)—tossed by a bull in the streets of Pamplona while rescuing his friend Donald Ogden Stewart—deep-sea fisherman—big game hunter—and one of the first citizens of Key West—Hemingway is the man who can hold his Absinthe like a postwar novelist.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: After six of these cocktails *The Sun Also Rises.*)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Nelson

Carl Carmer's
STARS FELL ON ALABAMA
Cocktail

1 JIGGER OLD ALABAMA CORN WHISKY (aged in the woods), 1 DASH PEYCHAUD BITTERS, 1 DASH ANGOSTURA BITTERS, 1 DASH ORANGE FLOWER WATER, 1 LUMP DOMINO SUGAR, 6 DROPS ABSINTHE

Ice and Stir Briskly

CARL CARMER adds, with a sigh, that there is also a *book* called *Stars Fell on Alabama.* He feels this announcement is necessary since (1) a popular song, (2) a satin robe de nuit, and (3) a cocktail now bear the name of his best seller.

Professor Carmer believes that all the absent-minded professor stories being circulated about him are due to his frequent inhalations of the aforementioned drink. There was the time he appeared before a large coeducational class clad in the ash-covered overalls in which he was wont to shake down furnaces to augment his professor's salary. On another occasion he took a lovely lady to lunch wearing one brown shoe and one black. Members of a well-known New York club will recall Mr. Carmer's appearance at a formal dinner sans studs, which allowed his dress shirt to bulge proffering enchanting glimpses.

After three of these cocktails an Eskimo living near the North Pole is said to have seen stars falling on Alabama so clearly that he mistook them for the Northern Lights.

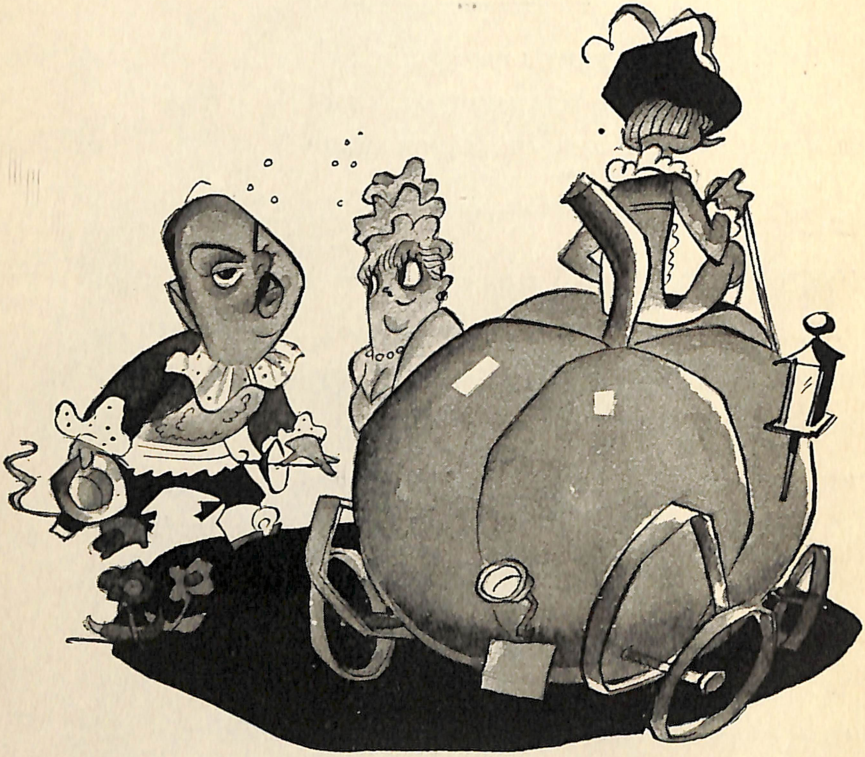
NERO MY GOD, TO THEE!

Alexander Woollcott's
WHILE ROME BURNS Cocktail

1 PART LEMON JUICE
2 PARTS MEDFORD RUM
1 DASH OF MAPLE SYRUP

THE TOWN CRIER proclaims that half a dozen of these will improve your fiddling, help you to remember the wisecracks of Dorothy Parker, and may even lead you into retelling the story about Christmas at the Front. A round dozen will get you all steamed up about *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* and *Lost Horizon* by James Hilton.

Mr. Woollcott will be fifty on January 19, 1937. He was born at Phalanx, New Jersey, near Colt's Neck (not to be confused with horse's neck). He has lived in Kansas City, Philadelphia, and New York. He is five feet eight, weighs slightly less than any statue of Nero now extant, likes dogs, Stephen C. Foster, and used to be a newspaperman himself. At last reports Rome was still burning.



Louis Paul's
PUMPKIN COACH Cocktail

2 PARTS LIQUEUR CESORIAC
1 PART VERMOUTH (Italian Cinzano)
1 PART CHERRY JUICE
3 LIMES (to each pint)
SLATHERS OF ICE (or you will go home in a basket)

LOUIS PAUL lifts a little glass slipper filled with his potent concoction to the opulent wench in the pumpkin coach.

Privately and sub rosa, Mr. Paul confesses that he thinks the cocktail is an American abomination. He only offers this poisonous refreshment to his friends so that he can stand aside and watch their character and personality disintegrate before his analytical eye.

Mr. Paul, who has been honored by the O'Henry Prize Committee, the Literary Guild, and a number of magazine editors who sign checks, says that his pet eccentricity is his wife and vice versa. Beer and cigars give him hiccoughs.

He is saving the rest of his aversions for a "five million word novel" which we may expect any day from the Louis Paul portable.

nelson

William Seabrook's
ASYLUM Cocktail

1 PART GIN
1 PART PERNOD
DASH OF GRENADINE
Pour Over Large Lumps of Ice
Do Not Shake

WILLIAM SEABROOK writes that if you follow instructions this cocktail will, "look like rosy dawn, taste like the milk of Paradise, and make you plenty crazy."

The famous explorer who has sipped his way around the world, tippled in Port-au-Prince, and lifted a toast to the midnight stars with the White Monk of Timbuktu, admits sadly that—"since I have become sober and God-fearing and can no longer get my pleasure kicking the gong around, my happiest diversions are tennis, the harmonica, the King James version of the Old Testament, talking to Negroes, and looking at beautiful women."

Members of So Red the Nose Club should read *Asylum* to discover what lies in store for incautious imbibers of Gin and Pernod.

Nelson

Oliver La Farge's
LAUGHING BOY Cocktail

DISSOLVE HALF A TEASPOONFUL OF SUGAR IN A DASH OF ANGOSTURA BITTERS, ADD 1 TEASPOONFUL OF SWEET VERMOUTH, ADD CHIPPED ICE. FILL OLD-FASHIONED GLASS TO THE BRIM WITH NEW ENGLAND RUM. GARNISH WITH LEMON PEEL AND SLICES OF ORANGE (IF YOU LIKE FRUIT SALAD)

THIS potent variation of the Old-Fashioned Cocktail has been known to make old Chief Pain-in-the-Neck dance and sing like Laughing Boy, and chase little Princess Giggle Water all the way from Taos to Santa Fe in a Model T Ford.

But the Pulitzer Prize winning author adds one caution. Never make this drink with Bacardi, because Bacardi isn't rum, it's sugar brandy.

Oliver La Farge writes: "Drinking habits: I never drink until the sun is below the yardarm to westward, all bets being off, however, for Sundays, football games, and when anyone offers to pay for Champagne Cocktails. For permanent, serious drinking stick to Silver Fizzes. The best Sunday lunch in the world is a dozen small oysters (Wickford oysters if you can get them), toast Melba, and Guinness Stout. At all times of the year, hot or cold, mixed or plain, at sea or ashore, Rum remains the drink to warm, cool or restore a man. But don't refer to Bacardi as Rum in my presence—it aint. Good Haitian Rum is top, then good New England, Charleston, Jamaica, St. Croix, Negrita in the order named."

The author is a son of Grant La Farge the architect grandson of John La Farge the painter.

Frank Scully's
FUN IN BED Cocktail

1 PART GRAPE JUICE 1 PART APPLEJACK

Ice, Shake, and Serve

"THE TROUBLE with most cocktails," writes Frank Scully from the Upper Story of Bedside Manor, Burbank, California, "is that even butlers have to be pretty sober to mix them at all. In addition they require too many ingredients, or such precision in percentages that nobody short of Oscar of the House of Savoy can be sure to keep them uniformly *épatant, magnifique, exquise,* or even plain good.

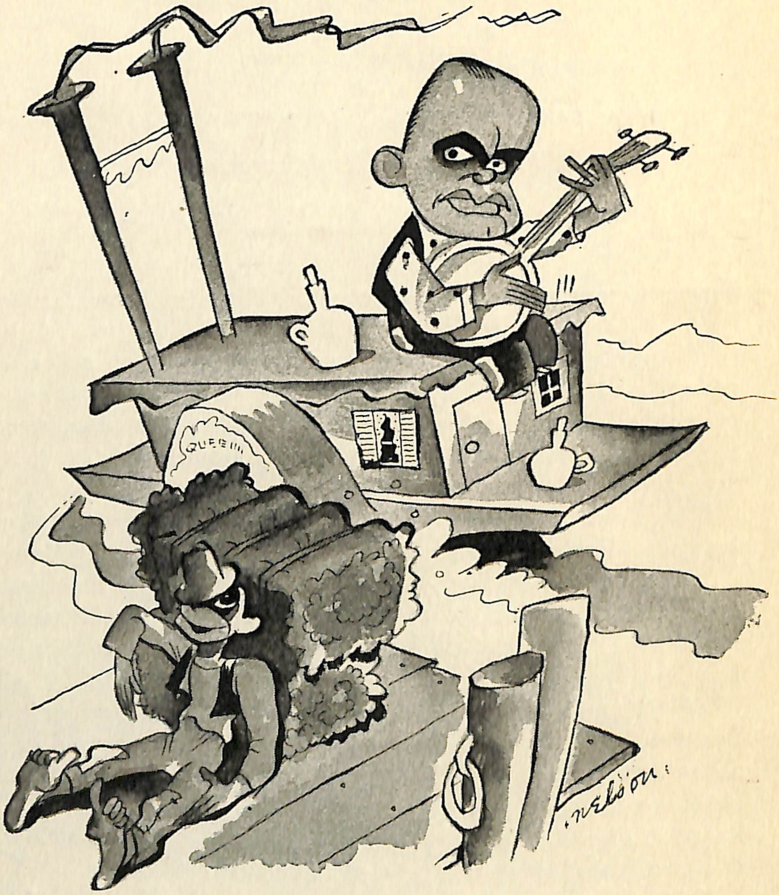
"*The Fun In Bed Cocktail,* on the other hand, is easy to make. It has the further virtues of power, smoothness and simplicity.

"Blondes go down after the second drink, and after the third, picture stars ask you to move over. The drink can be easier made, and the picture stars too, with canned grapefruit juice, but the applejack should be made from Jonathan apples.

"These come from Ulster County, Woodstock, New York. In fact there's a memorial, a huge boulder bearing a bronze plaque, about a mile north of J. P. McEvoy's place which marks the spot where the first Jonathan apple was squeezed from its jack. This was shortly after the Revolution when bundling was the chief indoor sport of the upstate hillbillies.

"Ulster County Jonathans are not to be confused with the Dutchess County Apples which keep Hamilton Fish Jr., and Franklin D. Roosevelt constantly at odds."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The rumor that Scully's next book will be entitled "Fun in the Next Bed" is pure libel.)



Roark Bradford's
JOHN HENRY Cocktail

1 RAW EGG (whole and unbeaten)
1 JIGGER GOOD CORN WHISKY
Drink in One Single Gulp

ROARK BRADFORD writes from New Orleans, "My drinking habits are practically confined to drip coffee, Mint Juleps, and the 'John Henry.' I paint badly but most enthusiastically, and for subjects I use the many Negro Baptist and Methodist churches in Louisiana. The churches are all alike yet they differ in details which makes painting them an exciting divertisement.

"I play a lousy but sturdy game of golf. And I fish like nobody's business: red fish, tarpon, shark and stingray. I mess around with the piano, guitar and a five-string banjo. I wish somebody would tell me what in hell to do with the fifth string. I eat two dozen oysters every day including May, June, July and August, and the oysters down here are bigger, fatter and juicier than Eastern bivalves.

"I like baseball and polo, but tennis puts me to sleep. I like Eleanor Powell and Bill Robinson (I tap a little myself) but I'd like to lay adagio dancers end to end. If I don't have ham and eggs once a day, I feel gypped. I wouldn't want to be anything else in the world but a writer, but I'd rather die than get at the typewriter. I hate to shave: the patriarchs were right."

Nelson

Erskine Caldwell raises applejack on God's Little Acre

ERSKINE CALDWELL—who has been a farm hand, worker in a cottonseed oil mill, reporter on the Atlanta (Georgia) *Journal*, hackdriver in Tennessee, book critic in Houston, Texas, and Charlotte, North Carolina, stage hand in a burlesque theater, waiter in the Union Station at Wilkes-Barre, professional football player, manager of a lecture bureau, and incidentally novelist—writes from Mount Vernon, Maine:

"I once was dosed with a *While Rome Burns* cocktail, and I immediately took the pledge. A week after that experience I retired to my farm and have devoted all my time since then to perfecting what can now be named the—

TOBACCO ROAD Cocktail

Please observe closely the following procedure:

1. Select in May six of your finest McIntosh trees and place a hive of bees under each tree to insure the 'setting' of the blossoms.
2. Visit your trees with a spray gun once a month until October, and see to it that not an insect remains alive.
3. About the middle of October gather by hand four bushels of the finest 'Reds,' selecting each apple for color, size and ripeness.
4. When these are ready to put into the hopper of your cider mill, go back to the orchard and pick up two pecks of windfalls from the ground, carefully selecting the most decayed, wormiest and snail encrusted.
5. Mix the two gatherings and grind and press.
6. For three days and nights drink the sweetest cider you have ever tasted, noting that no matter how much you drink, you can always find room for a little more.
7. On the fourth day you will discover that you have the hardest drink that ever blew a bunghole."

Nelson

Frank Buck's

SINGAPORE GIN SLING

(Otherwise known as the "Bring 'Em Back Alive" Cocktail)

---

1 JIGGER D. O. M. (Benedictine), 2 JIGGERS CHERRY BRANDY, 3 JIGGERS DRY GIN, JUICE OF ONE LIME, DASH OF ORANGE BITTERS, DASH OF ANGOSTURA BITTERS

Add Water or Soda (as preferred) in Amount Equal to the Above Ingredients. Mix with Swizzle Stick Until Foamy. Add Ice Chipped Fine, and Serve

---

It takes steady nerves to mix a Singapore Gin Sling or wrestle with king cobras. But only the finest ingredients go into a Bring 'Em Back Alive (Frank) Gin Buck. They're kinder to your throat.

The modern Noah who has grappled with man-eating tigers, lassoed leopards running amuck on ocean liners, and in general proved himself to be the embodiment of Tarzan and P. T. Barnum never trained on buttermilk. There is nothing like a Singapore Gin Sling for helping you to see snakes in the Malayan jungles and giving you the courage to tackle them barehanded.

Mr. Buck hails from Texas, Chicago and other points where men are men and raw gin is considered as harmless as pink lemonade.

R.C.N.

S. S. Van Dine's
THE CANARY MURDER CASE
Cocktail

½ JIGGER DRY GIN
½ JIGGER COGNAC
½ JIGGER YELLOW VERMOUTH
1 JIGGER ORANGE JUICE
1 DASH ORANGE BITTERS
Shake Well

THIS COCKTAIL was "Fiendishly plotted, with murder in mind" by the creator of that supersleuth Philo Vance, who knows more about ceramics, Scotties, liquors and Broadway than any living art critic.

Willard Huntington Wright, who may be Van Dine to you, got his literary start as a bookie at a Western race track. He is often seen these days at Belmont and other New York tracks, but outside the barred window.

He loves food, good wine, fine dogs and horses, English tweeds and Regie cigarettes—sold by only four tobacconists in the world. He imports his own special brandy from France in fancy blue porcelain bottles that bear his name.

Van Dine is a familiar figure at Dempsey's, Tony's, the Stork Club and other resorts. He helps young writers and painters; plays, studies, and writes like a fiend; thoroughly enjoys his penthouse, and is generally conceded to be a darned good guy.

Nelson.

Christopher Morley's
SWISS FAMILY MANHATTAN
Cocktail

⅔ RYE WHISKY
⅓ ITALIAN VERMOUTH
1 DASH ABSINTHE

Stir and Serve Excessively Cold

"AN ALTERNATIVE NAME for this drink," writes the ebullient Chris, is "Absinthe Makes the Heart Grow Fonder."

Thirteen hundred of these cocktails were said to have disappeared at the coming-out party for *Swiss Family Manhattan* on the eighty-fifth floor of the Empire State Building some years ago. Al Smith drank the first one, presumably from his brown derby. Toward the end of the party a number of citizens noticed that the Chrysler building was leaning over to support the Empire State, and the Goddess of Liberty was undulating like a torch singer. The Old Mandarin says, "This one really lays them end to end on the Bowling Green."

Wilson

Virginia Faulkner's
THE BARBARIANS Cocktail

¾ BOURBON
¼ WHITE MINT
PLENTY OF ICE

Pour into Cocktail Shaker and Shake as Though You Were a Terrier with a Dead Rat

"IF LADIES are present," writes the optimistic Virginia, "it is a pretty courtesy to serve this drink in a punch bowl with the addition of divers melon balls for which the ladies can bob.

"Drink this in countries where julep-time has something to do with bulbs and perennials, and you yourself are too lazy to go out and rake through the native flora for sprigs of mint or pungent sweetgrass.

"If, gentlemen, you believe this is no drink even for *The Barbarians,* then I nominate the milk punch, which stands by you through thick and thin, and is the perfect noggin for the *Usher Who Forgot Himself:*

1½ JIGGERS BOURBON IN A TALL GLASS
3 LUMPS OF ICE
1 TABLESPOON SUGAR
FILL GLASS WITH MILK
SERVE UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Virginia Faulkner, whose sadistic impulses are a trifle more subtle than William's, says that her only eccentricities are (a) making money, (b) spending it, and (c) talking about what she would do if she were you. Her favorite pastime is sitting in a chair.

Edna
his wife
Nelson

Margaret Ayer Barnes'
YEARS OF GRACE Cocktail
(A Whisky Sour)

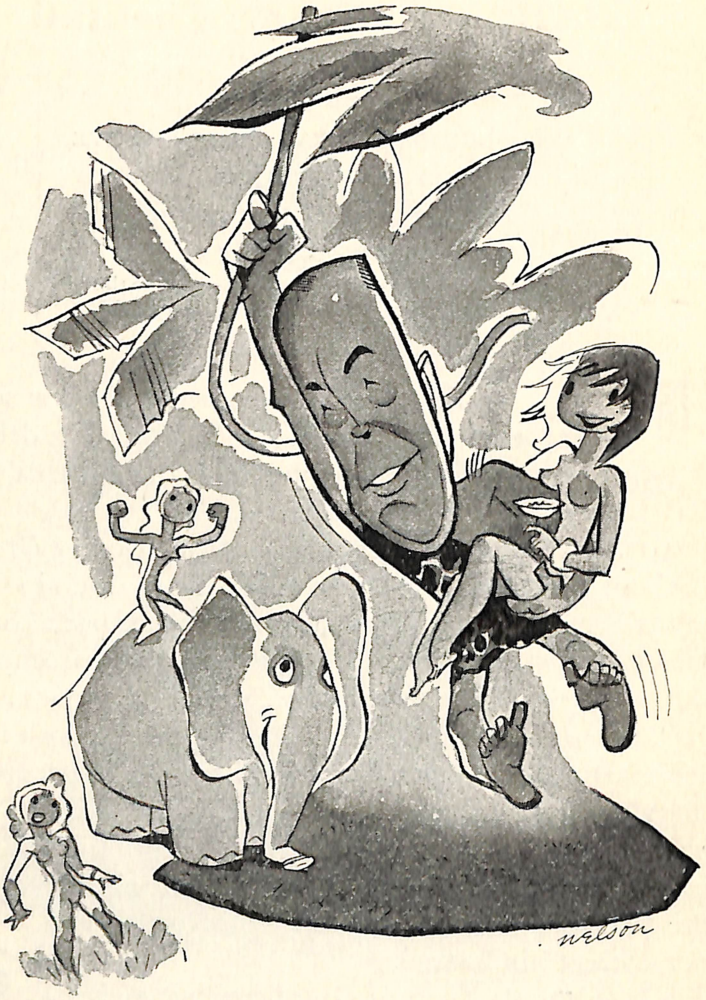
3 JIGGERS WHISKY—SCOTCH OR RYE
2 JIGGERS LEMON JUICE
1 JIGGER ROCK CANDY SYRUP
ICE CRACKED VERY FINE
Practically Shaved as for Creme de Menthe—so the drink seems almost frappéed, and is very cold.

THE AUTHOR of *Years of Grace,* and other best sellers, says that she knows how to mix only one drink and that her sole claim to distinction is the fact that she has never given a cocktail party.

Mrs. Barnes insists that it was not a *Years of Grace* cocktail which sent her automobile into a ditch in one of the French cathedral towns, breaking her back, three ribs, and fracturing her skull. It was during her recuperation that she first tried her hand at writing (1925).

Three seems to be her fateful number: she has three sons, has broken three ribs, has written three successful plays, published three novels (soon to be four), has a three-room week-end cabin thirty miles from Chicago, and does most of her writing in a third-floor bedroom of her house on North Dearborn Street in Chicago.

She writes, "a *Years of Grace* cocktail makes a good party but not too good a party. The kind of party that no one would have blushed for in the *Years of Grace.*"


nelson

Edgar Rice Burroughs'
TARZAN Cocktail

1 OUNCE BACARDI — JUICE OF ½ LIME
1 TEASPOON COINTREAU — ⅓ TEASPOON SUGAR

Shake Well with Shaved Ice Until Enough Ice is Melted to have a 2 Ounce Drink

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS writes from Tarzana, California, that "The ladies love Tarzan." Possibly, possibly . . . but does Tarzan love the ladies? This has always been a great worry to the critics of America who can hardly understand how this Samson gets along without a Delilah. Never was a boy scout so chivalrous to an old lady, as Tarzan to the luscious wenches who go barging around Africa and into the jeweled temples of Ophir without so much as an Ernest Hemingway or a Martin Johnson to guide them.

But Tarzan is not to be judged by ordinary standards. A few years ago when one of the editors of this book was interviewing Johnny Weismuller—the movie Tarzan—for the Chicago *Daily News,* he asked the synthetic ape man if he ate raw lion meat.

"Who, me? I eat raw spinach," said Johnny.

"Do you think you could take care of yourself in the African Jungle?" he was asked.

"Maybe I could run faster," said Johnny.

"Were you scared?"

"You bet I was scared," said Johnny. "So was Maureen O'Sullivan. So was the director. The cameramen were so scared they shot the whole picture from the inside of a cage."

Maybe these Tarzans aren't such he-men after all.

R.C.N.

MacKinlay Kantor's
THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN
Cocktail

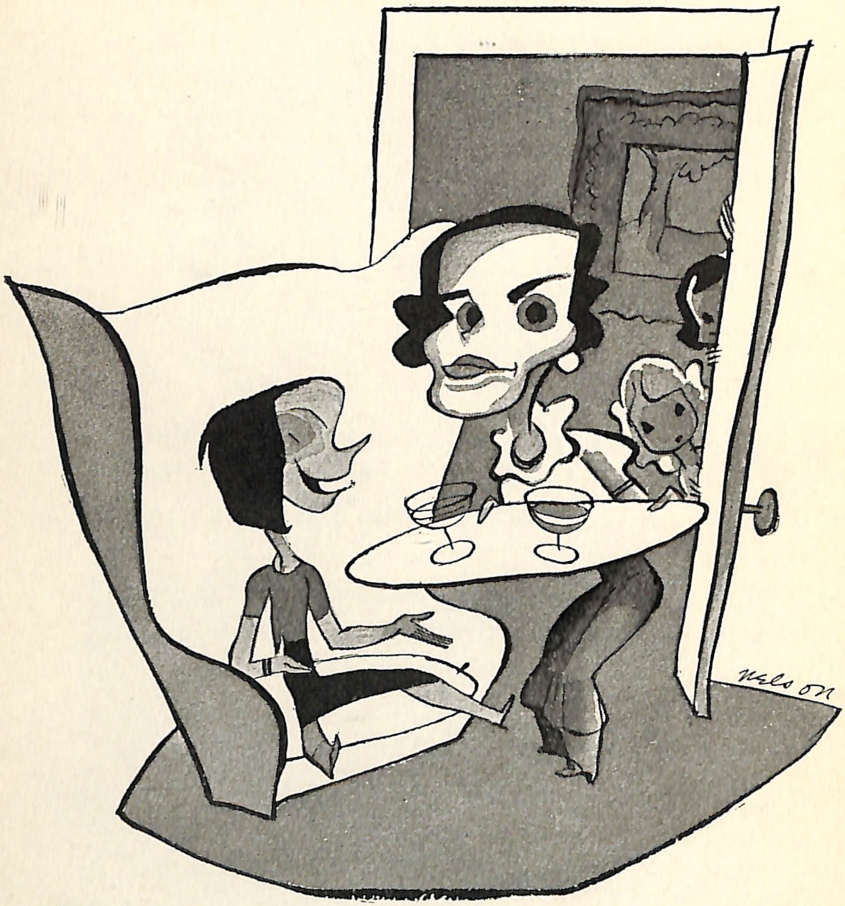
JUICE OF ½ LEMON
JUICE OF ½ ORANGE
2½ OUNCES GIN

Pour Over Two Large Cubes of Ice in Tall Glass and Spray Tenderly with Seltzer from Siphon—not Bottled Soda. Don't Stir. Drink in Thirsty Gulps. Repeat at Quick Intervals Until You Begin to Bay Like a Fox Hound

ONLY one writer has done a better piece on the Battle of Gettysburg than Mac Kantor—and that was Abraham Lincoln. So here's to you, Mac; a toast we can *Long Remember.*

Kantor is a very good egg who used to write very bad poetry for the "Line" in the Chicago *Tribune,* and has since written several excellent novels. He can get delightfully sentimental over Civil War veterans, fox hounds, and the Middle West. He was recently insulted by a number of well-meaning critics who compared his *Bugle Ann* to Hilton's *Good-bye, Mr. Chips.* Such are the standards of American criticism.

Possibly the secret of that ghostly voice of Bugle Ann ringing through the hills of Missouri is to be found in the above recipe.



Dorothy Aldis'
HOP, SKIP AND JUMP Cocktail

3½ PARTS GIN
1 PART FRENCH DRY VERMOUTH
1 SPRIG OF MINT
ICE

THE accompanying caricature by Roy C. Nelson would indicate some such innocent title as "The Children's Hour," but four or five Hop, Skip and Jump Cocktails will demonstrate that this edition is no juvenile.

Likewise one can never be too sure of the single entendre of Dorothy's poems. Take this—which is almost verbatim—from her latest book of verse for children:

When Like a candle
You are lit
Not knowing Why
Or what about,
Then when you're least
Expecting it
Without a word
You're out.

Lit like a candle, oblivious to all your surroundings, then without a word you're out. Is this the sort of poetry for our innocent babes? Dear, dear, what is the world coming to?

nelson

Kenneth Roberts'
LIVELY LADY Cocktail

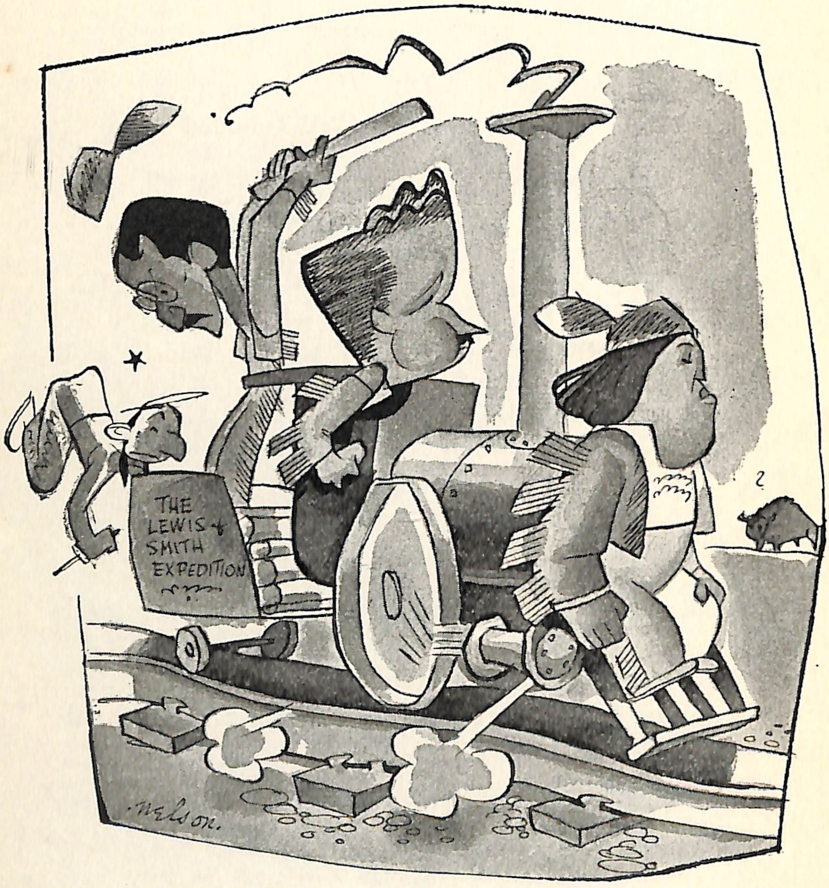
TO MAKE TWO LADIES LIVELY—

Take a Small Pitcher with Well-Rounded Interior
Put in It Nine Cubes of Ice
Add Four Cocktail Glasses of Gin *
Add Two Cocktail Glasses of Noilly Prat Vermouth
Stir Briskly Sixty Revolutions with a Long-Handled Spoon—(The Only Method Which Doesn't Bruise the Gin)
Pour into Cocktail Glasses
Add Twist of Lemon Peel so Lemon Oil Is Sprayed on the Liquid
Repeat until Pitcher Is Empty

*KENNETH ROBERTS says, "My one eccentricity is thinking that homemade gin is better than the purchased variety, and here is how it's made:

"Procure a 15-gallon charred keg. In it place five gallons of grain alcohol and six gallons of water. Allow the mixture to stand for four months, occasionally rocking it.

"At the end of four months add any good gin essence in proper proportions, rock the keg thoroughly, and decant into gallon jugs. The mixture which emerges will be the color of dark straw. Use this liquid as the basis for the above cocktail."


THE
LEWIS &
SMITH
EXPEDITION
Nelson.

Henry Justin Smith's

INNOCENTS ALOFT Cocktail

(Thanks to John L. Higgins)

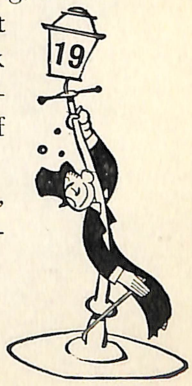
4 JIGGERS GIN
JUICE OF 1 LEMON
JUICE OF 1 LIME
1 JIGGER RED WINE
1 JIGGER RASPBERRY SYRUP
1 JIGGER APRICOT CORDIAL
1 JIGGER APPLEJACK BRANDY
SUGAR TO TASTE

ON the opposite page you will see the artist's conception of the Lewis and Smith Expedition. Oscar Wilde is seen viewing America of the 1880's from the cowcatcher, Lloyd Lewis is playing "Casey Jones," while Henry Justin Smith is tomahawking an Indian from the wood-car.

This rather elaborate cartoon is supposed to convey a jumbled notion of the book *Oscar Wilde Discovers America* on which Lewis and Smith are collaborating.

Henry Justin Smith is the managing editor of the Chicago *Daily News,* and the author of many books including the early novel for which this cocktail is named. For thirty years he had his desk in the old *Daily News* building, and knew all the office cats and such mice as were smart enough to get away. He seems to find newspaper work in a skyscraper whose elevators boast chromium-plated doors not unlike that in the four-story relic of the early nineties.

Smith goes home every night to Glencoe, Illinois, where he and his wife live under a huge elm tree—in a house, however.



Nelson

Irving Stone's
LUST FOR LIFE Cocktail

½ SLOE GIN ½ APRICOT BRANDY
JUICE OF ½ LIME
Fill with ice, shake and serve

THE MAN who found seven loves in the life of Vincent Van Gogh hopes that the printer will not call this cocktail a *Lust for Wife,* although even that is not without its virtues.

Idiosyncrasies: Irving invariably wears gloves on transcontinental trains; never lets anyone but his wife cut his hair; is trying to become the best-dressed novelist in America; thinks Ernest Hemingway is the greatest American author; still picks up a copy of *Lust for Life* when he wants a good novel to read; is forever dashing to the hospital because he thinks his appendix is about to burst; is chary of lady novelists; talks baby-talk to his wirehair puppy; thinks that State Socialism is the only sane and civilized form of government, but already resents the sales tax, the income tax and all other levies upon his earnings; wishes he had been man enough to become a truck driver instead of a writer; can't fall asleep at night unless there is a beautiful woman at his side; and always imagines that his publishers have sold about 30,000 more copies of his novel than they will admit to.

"Otherwise," he writes, "my greatest idiosyncrasy is that I believe that I am the only completely sane and normal person in the world, and hence have no idiosyncrasies."

THE LADIES WEAR NO PANTS IN SAN FERNANDO
-Nelson-

Robert J. Casey's
THE CANNONEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS Cocktail

CHAMPAGNE (1 Bottle, preferably good and cold)
CHABLIS (1 Pint—vintage of no particular moment)
HAUT BARSAC (1 Bottle, and be sure to have it *haut*)
RASPBERRIES (1 Liter Box)
SHERRY (2 Jiggers)
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE (None)

Mix this mess in a large bowl. Don't crush the raspberries. Let them soak for a while. Add enough sugar (powdered) to take the curse off the raspberries but not enough to destroy the fine bouquet, if any, of the Champagne. Pour into tall, tapering glasses and drink with the raspberries floating. Thus, if you are a connoisseur, you combine scent with taste

ROBERT J. CASEY states that this concoction "is as smooth as milk, but stronger. You can drink a quart of it without noticing anything except the cop who arrests you for throwing rocks at your grandmother's funeral."

Although Robert has concocted strange drinks in many lands, including Easter Island, the Malay Peninsula, and Louis's place on West Madison Street in Chicago, this is by far his most famous creation. It was first thrown together in the Café Champs-Elysées in Paris where for several years it was on the menu as the Robert J. Casey cocktail.

Casey is the author of many detective novels, *The Four Faces of Siva,* two early fantasies and several original verses to *The Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga.*

Nelson

Harriet Monroe's
POETS AND THEIR ART
Cocktail

1 PART GIN

1 PART CANNED GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

Ice and Serve

AFTER all these years Miss Monroe has at last told the truth concerning what ingredients go into the making of poets and their art. One-half gin and one-half canned grapefruit juice.

The valiant editor of *Poetry* magazine who still climbs mountains, Mayan pyramids, and the foothills of amateur verse that reach her office daily, is now at work on her memoirs. But she breaks loose, now and then, to visit the interior of China, beard a recalcitrant guarantor of *Poetry* in his den, or dash off a cocktail recipe.

Two Chicago World's Fairs have come and gone since she sat between a Cardinal in red and an Archbishop in purple and heard her *Columbian Ode* read to the great crowd gathered at the dedicatory ceremony which launched the Columbian Exposition. Sandburg, Lindsay, and many other poets have been discovered, furious battles have been waged over Free Verse, the Imagists, and the Proletarians.

One feels the need of a little Gin and canned grapefruit juice thinking of this.

Rockwell Kent's
SALAMINA Cocktail

1 PART JAMAICA RUM

2 PARTS APPLEJACK

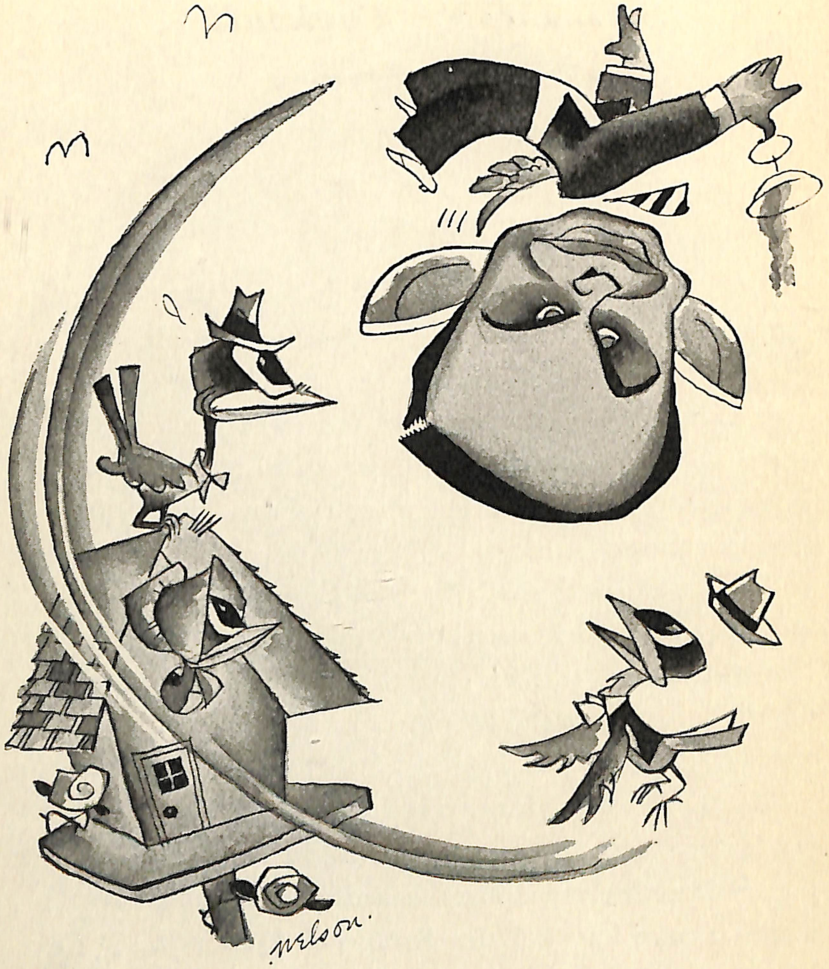
Shake well

"BETWEEN OURSELVES," says Rockwell Kent, "I'd rather drink a good Dry Martini. This one, however, if the ingredients are good, is smooth and potent. It is so simple as to invite use under storm and stress, say in a moment of shipwreck. Enough of this, and what's shipwreck to a man?"

The answer to that is, what's shipwreck to Rockwell Kent in any case? Particularly on the shores of Greenland where the Justinas, Annas, and Salaminas fall violently and charmingly in love with visiting authors and artists.

After a day setting nets for white whales, bartering for dog meat, eating seal out of the common pot, and meditating upon the universe, nothing warms a man like Jamaica Rum and Applejack lifted toward the stars in a pretty toast to one's native housekeeper.

Who said Greenland was a cold country?



Donald Culross Peattie's
SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS
Cocktail

1 DOLLOP OF COMB HONEY, Strained and Beaten Smooth in Enough WHISKY to Make You Sing. Fill up the rest of a Tall Glass with CREAM. Beat it all to a froth again and clink the glasses to the old toast—

Here's tae us!
Wha's like us?
Dom few!

AUDUBON'S BIOGRAPHER regards the average cocktail as a degenerate drink altogether. He writes, "In the parts of America from which my ancestors came any youngster caught tippling Gin would have been sent to the other side of the room to sit with the girls.

"What made them sing in the wilderness was not Gin or imported bitters but Whisky out of a jug. In a land flowing with milk and honey some of the pioneers remembered 'Brose' (the cocktail given above), that doughty drink with which the Scotch clans armed themselves before carving the pattern of their tartans on Proud Edward's host."

Naturalists, well embrosed, have been known to see hummingbirds darting amid January snows, owls flying about at high noon, and the shy whip-poorwill singing among the skyscrapers of the city.

NELSON
BUSINESS IS LOUSY!

E. Phillips Oppenheim's
THE MAN WITHOUT NERVES
Cocktail

⅔ DRY GIN (must be Gordon's or Booth's High and Dry)
⅓ NOILLY PRAT VERMOUTH (from a freshly opened bottle)

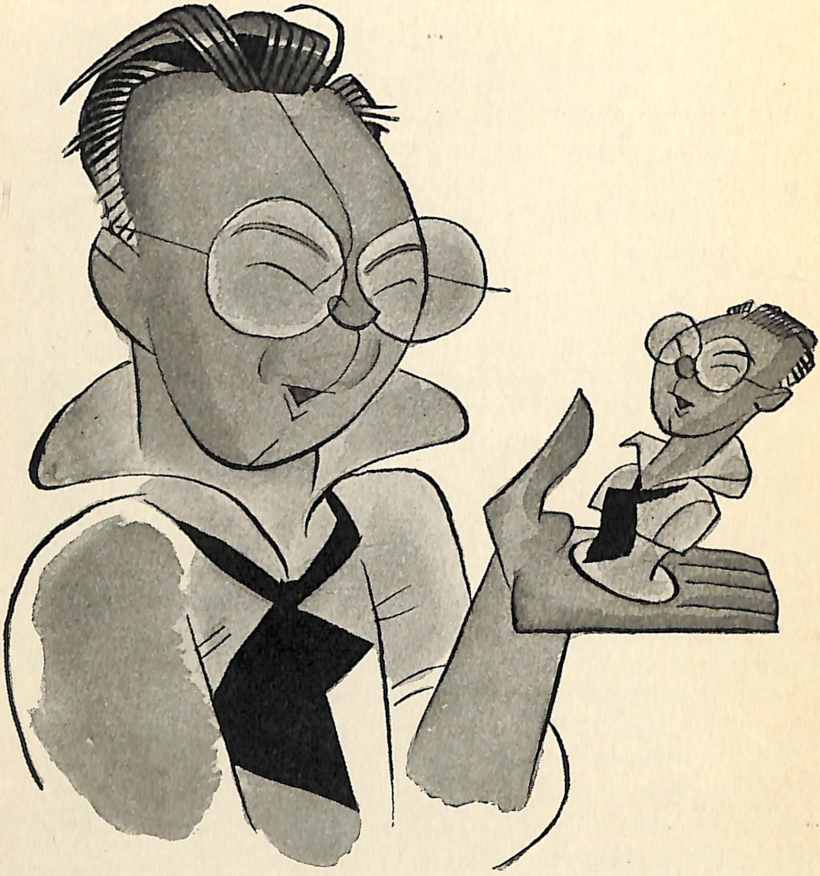
"Use plenty of ice, shake *like hell* and serve foaming in a fair sized glass. A small strip of lemon rind cut very thin might be allowed, but nothing else. No dividends."

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, writing from Le Vauquiedor, St. Peter Port, Guernsey, says that there may be other cocktails in the world but "they are mostly useful for furniture polish."

"No liqueur, syrup or Grenadine should ever find its way into an apéritif."

Ruthless, tireless, the archvillain of Literature Limited! We see him in his study turning out the 106th, 107th, 108th detective novel. We see editors writing out checks; they are all to E. Phillips Oppenheim. We see woodsmen cutting down Joyce Kilmer's trees; all pulp for E. Phillips Oppenheim. We see trucks being manufactured to deliver Oppenheim Opuses (Opera); pickaninnies toiling in cotton fields to furnish cloth to bind Oppenheim; we smell glue factories making glue; we see critics trying to think up what the hell to say about this one. Slowly the world is covered with a layer of Oppenheim, the vegetable life dies, we can't get our vitamins. Furiously brandishing copies of Oppenheim, the proletarian novelists close in around him.

"Have a *Man Without Nerves Cocktail,*" says the imperturbable Oppenheim, continuing to crack out the 109th, 110th, 111th.



Hervey Allen's
ANTHONY ADVERSE Cocktail

To 2 measures of Barbadoes Rum mix 1 of lime juice, a dash of bitters, and a small quantity of brown sugar to taste and a strong dash of brandy. Ice. Shake well and serve immediately.

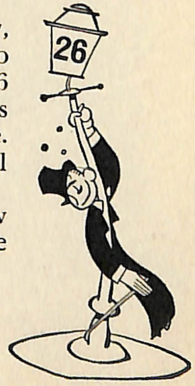
HERVEY ALLEN, the *Anthony Adverse* of American letters, has leapt about the globe, and dashed from experience to experience with somewhat the casual abandon that marked his famous hero.

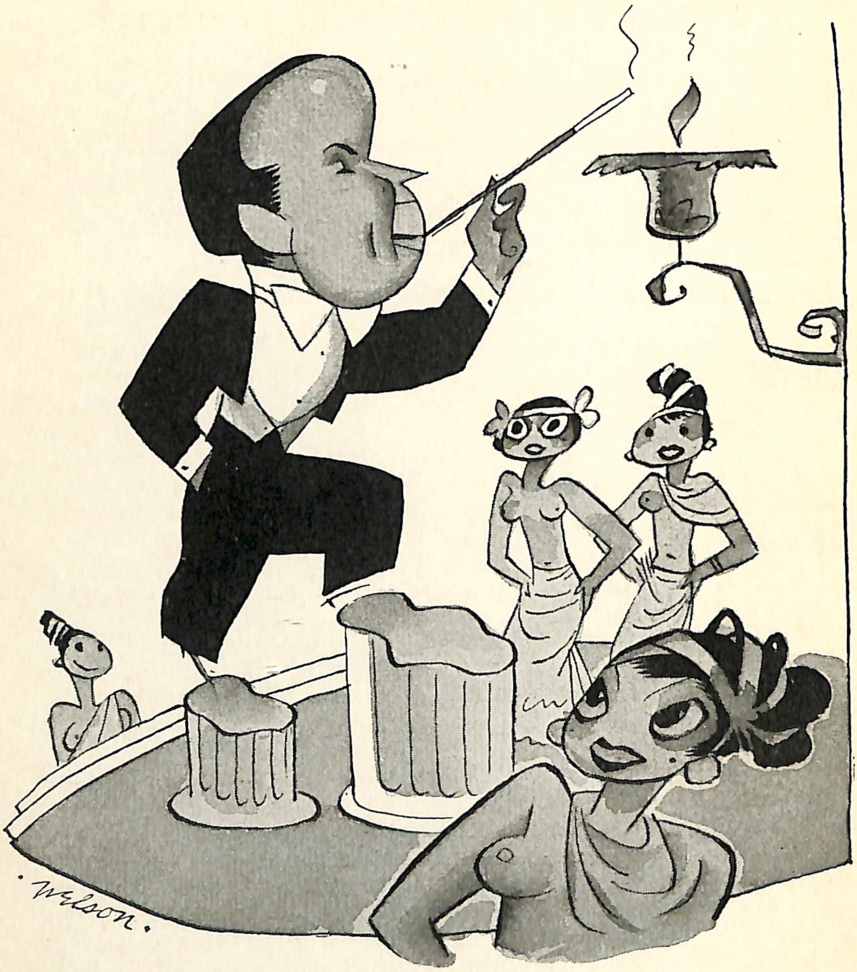
Born in Pittsburgh in 1889, he attended various schools, entered the United States Naval Academy but was forced to withdraw due to overstrain in athletics. He took his Bachelor of Science degree in economics at the University of Pittsburgh, did publicity work for the Bell Telephone Company, and in 1915 enlisted in the National Guard and saw active service along the Mexican border.

In 1916 he published *Ballads of the Border,* thus launching a colorful career in literature. Our entrance into the Great War furnished him an opportunity to see France from a car marked 40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux. As first lieutenant of infantry in France he was wounded in the fighting about Fismes, and was again invalided from the Front during the Argonne-Meuse drive.

After the war he continued to write prose and poetry, finished his war diary *Toward the Flame,* and helped to revive Southern letters, taught at Columbia and in 1926 was in the Bahamas, where he sailed about the islands in an old sponging schooner looking for a place to live. He was temporarily dissuaded by a hurricane which all but wrecked the boat.

The sale of *Anthony Adverse,* in all countries, has now passed the 1,000,000 mark, despite the fact that it made its debut during the worst year of the depression.




Wilson

Arthur Meeker, Jr.'s
VESTAL VIRGIN Cocktail

⅓ GIN
⅓ COINTREAU
⅓ LEMON JUICE

ARTHUR MEEKER, who has gained a national reputation for his unconventional method of shaking up cocktails, writes, "This prescription, of Swiss origin (I believe it was first tried at the Palace Bar in St. Moritz), is commonly known as a White Lady; but what else can you call a *Vestal Virgin?* (Add a drop of honey if you like: my heroine had a sweet voice.)

"It is a good cocktail, but VERY STRONG.

"I have not drunk one for years. In fact, as a rule, I do not drink cocktails at all, nor highballs, nor any form of mixed drinks. However, if you should ask me to open a bottle of Liebfraumilch '21 before dinner, or a really good year of Clos Vougeot or Château Neuf du Pape, I'd not object. I like Rhine wines and Moselles for steady diet, red clarets and Burgundies (and dry white ones) on occasion, and a glass of sherry or Porto Blanc with a pâté de foie gras sandwich before lunch. And a stein of Münchener Löwenbrau (light) at any time, above anything else in the world.

"Have no eccentricities that I can think of except a passion for (a) Alpine excursions accompanied by dachshunds, (b) whistling the major arias of Mozart, (c) collecting minor French seventeenth-century memoirs, and (d) reading Baedekers in bed."

nelson

Arnold Gingrich presents

ESKY'S HOT SPOT

1 OR 2 LUMPS OF LOAF SUGAR,
Dissolved in a Little Hot Water
1 SQUIRT OF LEMON JUICE
1 WINE GLASS OF IRISH WHISKY

Fill glass with hot water, stir well. Add slice of lemon. Grate nutmeg over top

SAYS the young editor of *Esquire,* "If you prefer Scotch to Irish, that's all right too."

"In Harry Johnson's *Bartender's Manual,* 1860, there is a word of caution about preparing these hot whiskies:"

" 'Place a bar spoon into the glass before pouring in hot water, to avoid cracking the glass, and have a separate glass filled with fine ice, which must be placed in a convenient position, so that if the customer finds his drink too hot, he can help himself to a little ice. The bartender should at all times handle the sugar with a pair of tongues.

"That's what he said—tongues.

"I might add that enough of these will make you cast down the laurel, hang up the fiddle and do parlor tricks without being asked."

Marion Strobel's
A WOMAN OF FASHION
Cocktail

1 PART WHISKY
½ PART BRANDY
JUICE OF ½ LIME
JUICE OF ½ ORANGE

This will make 3 cocktails and will probably dispose of the weaker member of the triangle

MARION says that she has no sense of direction, gets lost frequently in Chicago—the city of her birth; she has an inordinate love of hot breads, shaving soap (the smell), sun (the feel), understatement, wood fires, prize fights, violent exercise, her own children, indiscretion, and sleep.

She does not like meeting celebrities or having more than five dollars in her pocketbook. This makes her unlike most Chicago poets who only wish they might have five dollars in their pocketbook.

She has to her procreative credit two daughters, four novels and several books of poetry.

Theodore Dreiser's

AMERICAN TRAGEDY Cocktail

(This is Definitely the End)

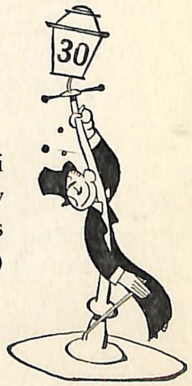
1 TEASPOONFUL NITROGLYCERIN
1 TABLESPOONFUL HEAVY GROUND GUNPOWDER
2 JIGGERS ETHYL GASOLINE
1 LIGHTED MATCH

PLEASE ACCOMPANY the above by horrific series of eccentricities, aversions and drinking habits, all based upon my notorious and incurable alcoholism.

"In case I deny, any American Publisher or Movie Picture Corporation will verify.

Truthfully,

Theodore Dreiser"



(EDITOR'S NOTE: After several of these Benito Mussolini is said to have offered a toast which sounded strangely like "Hail, Haile Selassi!" Benito, however, usually adds a touch of mustard gas which greatly improves the flavor.)

DRINKING NOTES

THE EDITORS had hoped to include a *Why Not Try God Cocktail.* The name seemed to imply that devil-may-care, I'll-try-anything-once sort of desperation needed by readers willing to drink their way through this book. Furthermore, it would have given an opening for favorable reviews from our best pulpits—a form of sales promotion we must now, unfortunately, forgo.

★ However, if a few of our more robust clergymen are genuinely anxious to forward the cause of world peace and at the same time would like to tell their audiences how to bring good cheer into the home on Christmas Day, we suggest as a theme for a sermon Robert J. Casey's unusual program for bringing about international good will.

Call Gin by its right name!

White distillations of corn, rye, barley or malt are made in almost every country on the face of the earth. They may vary slightly in composition but they seldom vary in spirit. The juniper berry is not universal, but Gin under a universal name might make all men brothers. Kipling said it when he wrote Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady are sisters under the Gin.

In fact the original name for Gin was *Geneva,* and it still goes under that name in Holland.

Here's to *Geneva* and the spirits of peace.

★ Although the editors were a trifle chary in approaching Stark Young for a *Feliciana Cocktail* to be included in the book *So Red the Nose,* the good-natured critic and novelist replied with a *Broad River* which warmed and cheered his great-great-grandfather 150 years ago on Broad River in Georgia. The old gentleman had 24 children and lived to be 97 years old.

DIRECTIONS:

> "Pour one quart of Peach Brandy into a silver goblet on and off during the day. After sundown a glass (or part of a glass) of water may be drunk."

★ Sinclair Lewis says that he drinks only *Dry Martinis,* while Francis Brett Young feels it would be a sacrilege to invent a new

White Lady Cocktail, since "it is already the best cocktail made."

★ One of the most amusing letters and least drinkable cocktails comes from H. L. Davis, author of the Harper prize-winning novel, *Honey in the Horn.* It is not recommended for "Children, expectant mothers and people who cry easily":

HIGH PROOF RUM (*at least 10 years old*)
(About 2 Beer Steins)
DARK STRAINED HONEY (*the thin, runny kind*)
(A Tin Dipperful, and a Little Over)
FRESH HUCKLEBERRIES (*crushed to a pulp*)
(A Tin Dipperful)
MOUNTAIN ASH BERRIES (*crushed*)
(2 Tablespoons; be careful with 'em, boys)
BEST BLACK GUNPOWDER—To Taste

"Mix (at room temperature) and stir savagely until it is no longer streaky in color. Each drink should be served with a toothpick impaling a dead bumblebee, a dead yellow jacket and a dead wasp. These are supposed to be eaten first to give the revelers a notion of what lies in store for them."

Davis says that this drink is "Authentically American," and that he can furnish documents to prove it.

"Its first appearance in our history is in the *Adventures and Explorations of Captain Bonneville,* as edited by Washington Irving and published about 1839. The captain originated the decoction somewhere on the headwaters of the big Missouri about 100 years ago for an emergency entertainment. He was confronted unexpectedly with a party of Hudson Bay Company trappers headed for a fur country that he wanted the first crack at himself. Something was required that would take their minds from the cares of business."

It appears that what the captain concocted was a *Honey in the Horn Cocktail,* as described above, and that the Hudson Bay's chief was "superhumanly joyful all night and superhumanly and titanically doleful all the next week. For ten days afterward, tradition tells us, he had only to hold his nose and agitate himself slightly to become instantly too drunk to sit on a horse."

DRINKING NOTES

★ Janet Ayer Fairbank sends a cocktail "known in alien times as *Alexandre,* but in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, as the *Dairy State,* now rechristened for purposes of this book the *Bright Land.* After drinking it, any land looks brighter.

1¼ BEAKERS OF GIN
½ BEAKER CREAM
3/16 BEAKER CRÈME DE CACOA
1/16 BEAKER STRONG BLACK COFFEE
SMALL AMOUNT SUGAR SYRUP."

★ Manuel Komroff, the *New York Tempest* (Cable KOMROFF, N. Y.), has already demonstrated his ability in the world of journalism, publishing, art, philosophy and fiction, but this is his first fling as a barkeeper. He offers a purely American Cocktail made of 2 Parts Gin (domestic), 1 Part Port Wine (California if possible), Peel of Lemon, and Ice.

★ For a Morley Callaghan special, known as a *They Shall Inherit the Earth Cocktail:*

2 PARTS BRANDY
2 PARTS LEMON JUICE
1 PART COINTREAU
1 PART BENEDICTINE

Morley Callaghan regrets to report that in general he prefers his drinks straight.

"You will never find me sitting up all night balancing potions in little glasses," writes this Canadian novelist.

"I like Rye with a little soda.

"I know of no more pleasant drink when I'm at ease among my friends and enjoying their conversation than a mug of Beer, and then many more mugs with skittles to follow.

"I don't like Gin and never did. Often before a meal I take a big glass of Cinzano thinned with soda.

"There was a time when I thought Champagne Cocktails pretty swell, but they seem to leave me solemn and numb now, no matter how many I take. I hope to be comforted in my old age by the good wines of France."

★ Here's a knockout dose known as *The Sleeping Child* and stirred up by Alice Grant Rosman: Half Gin, Half French Ver-

mouth, Dash of Cointreau, Dash of Maraschino, Squeeze of Lemon, Grapefruit and Peach Juice. She says that her eccentricities are liking cats and Americans.

★ We can almost see the warden, the captain of the guards, and a couple of gentlemen in striped coveralls singing "Sweet Adeline" and imbibing the *Sing Sing Nights Cocktail* devised by Harry Stephen Keeler.

Mr. Keeler says that he wrote the prescription with people in mind who like himself have allergy toward the complicated esters and ethers which exist in all old, rich-bodied, aged-in-the-wood, bonded Whiskies. For such unlucky individuals the following recipe is guaranteed not to puff up the lining of the nose like an upholstered hatbox nor bring on the 99 other kinds of allergic reactions which may develop.

1 PONY OF PURE GRAIN ALCOHOL
1½ TEASPOONS SUGAR SYRUP
1½ TEASPOONS PURE ORANGE JUICE
(Must not be bottled juice, as this contains Sodium Benzoate, one of the most prolific sources of allergic disturbance!)

Shake with 3 Ice Cubes till at least Half of the bulk of the Cubes has dissolved

Mr. Keeler's one eccentricity is his belief that owning a Siamese cat brings him luck. The trouble is that all cats eventually die, and what with worrying about esters and ethers, fulfilling his writing contracts, and hunting for new Siamese cats, Mr. Keeler has very little time left for serious drinking.

★ Will Durant claims that he can't tell Champagne from typewriter oil. But adds that one mustn't make hasty assumptions about his virtues. "I have my own pet sins," he says, "but I enjoy them most when I am conscious."

★ Jonathan Latimer, writing on the frightfully official-looking stationery of the United States Department of the Interior, Director of Information, Washington, states that his *Headed for a Hearse Cocktail* is quite as deadly as it sounds.

The equipment necessary are a water tumbler, some crushed ice, and a stout heart; also Pernod and some very old Bourbon. Place the ice in a strainer and pour through into the tumbler

two Jiggers of the Bourbon. Similarly drip through the ice an equal quantity of Pernod. Add a quarter of a tumbler of cold water.

Says Latimer: "The author and a friend invented this variation of the Bourbon-laced-with-Absinthe drink in 1929 at the Café de la Paix while fortifying themselves to bid farewell to a young lady bound for America. Author and friend each consumed six. Results: the young lady departed farewell-less. The author, who doesn't know a polo helmet from Al Smith's derby, arrived at his hotel with a taxi-load of mallets, white breeches, boots, English saddles and other sporting odds and ends, which, sober, he finally persuaded the Galeries Lafayette to take back. The friend is still drunk."

★ It's one of the *Secrets of the White Lady* that Captain Henry Landau drinks a cocktail composed as follows:

½ OZ. BACARDI
½ OZ. FRENCH VERMOUTH
½ OZ. APRICOT BRANDY
½ OZ. LIME JUICE

Captain Landau writes that he has a special predilection for Russian food and Russian music. Six is his lucky number in all games of chance. "It turned up three times in succession for me once at Monte Carlo when I had the maximum stake in full on it. Alas, I have also lost my shirt backing it."

Stock farming, mining, soldiering, the secret service, the role of college professor, adventuring from Central Africa to the Malay States, and now writing and lecturing, have each in turn claimed and held this author.

★ And if you want to end the evening right, try Erle Stanley Gardner's *Case of the Caretaker's Cat Cocktail:*

1 JIGGER ITALIAN VERMOUTH
1 JIGGER GIN
1 PONY RUM
½ PONY GRENADINE
4 DASHES LIME JUICE

"Shake, pour, imbibe, kick the cat and send for the caretaker"

★ Shades of Poe, O. Henry, and all our other drinking literati—the writers of today seem to be holding their own.

THE PERFECT GIFT for Father, Grandfather, Great-Grandfather and Someone Else's Daughter

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• Among the perpetrators: *Rex Stout, Philip Wylie, Hervey Allen, Leonard Bacon, Mark Hellinger, Ogden Nash, William Rose Benet, Lucius Beebe, Carl Carmer, Arthur Kober, Alan Rinehart, Bernard Sobel, Ed Bell, Marc Connelly . . .*

• Among the illustrators: *Soglow, Jay Irving, I. Klein, Abner Dean, Dr. Seuss, Ty Mahon, E. Simms Campbell, Gardner Rea, Alan McNab . . .*

☞ Women must not read this book . . . unless prescribed by a registered physician or psychiatrist!

$2.50

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or

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